

FISHERMAN BILL NYE

THE LURES THE UNWARY TROUT
THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF N. C.

The Hornet, He Says, as a Bait Is Very Effective, Both Before and After Fishing Hard Work to Set Down—A Man Who Knows It All.

Copyright, 1864, by Edgar W. Nye.

KILLERBOOK, DUNCOMBE COUNTY.

CRAGGY MOUNTAIN.

I am located here for the purpose of inaugurating an educational campaign against the evasive North American trout. There is a trout preserve here of 25,000 acres under the management of Mr. C. C. Cushing, who allows me to come here and rove with his game, knowing that I never come to give no-notice to a fish bite. His angler's of discourse is soon to be turned over to a hunting and fishing club, and it is



TROUT FISHING

eminently fitted for that purpose, as it is one of the most beautiful spots on earth, and the trout stream is a perfect picture. It is shaded well, and the slopes very cool, yet it is not so cool as to make the legs too consume a library of fly books I have.

Mr. Foy, the chairman of the C. & N. J. C. & N. R. R., the author of "The Cumberland Vendetta," is along. It would please you to see two or three trout giants sent after bait on crows, the trout do so well to the bait, but he has sent at the bottom of the pool.

Yesterdays a grand sort of day, with bright sun and a fair wind, just such a day as the true sport loves to go for. So, to an hour, to go to the mountains for the construction of its special constituents. It was a perfect day for the mountain fishing in the North Carolina mountains. I caught 25 trout and the rest of my second best pants.

Yesterdays was so bright as Mr. Cushing and I were in the broad brow of Craggy mountain. It is a succession of very crags, covered by huge talus and giant boulders of incandescent granite, who strewed with a thin mass of red or green. Below the melancholic cataract, where the trout pool, edges and walls a about, bearing the emblems of the chestnut, or the red root of the encumber tree, in a shady corner of the cool water, lies a cat like bay trout, hungry, but conservative, gray, fierce and venturesome, but wary of the heated air.

We are going to, by the grace of the unuttered, to go to the trout pool just below the cataract as the true sport loves to go for. So, to an hour, to go to the mountains for the construction of its special constituents. It was a perfect day for the mountain fishing in the North Carolina mountains. I caught 25 trout and the rest of my second best pants.

Yesterdays was so bright as Mr. Cushing and I were in the broad brow of Craggy mountain. It is a succession of very crags, covered by huge talus and giant boulders of incandescent granite, who strewed with a thin mass of red or green. Below the melancholic cataract, where the trout pool, edges and walls a about, bearing the emblems of the chestnut, or the red root of the encumber tree, in a shady corner of the cool water, lies a cat like bay trout, hungry, but conservative, gray, fierce and venturesome, but wary of the heated air.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

The agricultural interests here seem to be centered very largely in the wool industry. Every morning about 30 or 40 men go by here on their way to the rear of the forest, with a mackinaw over one shoulder and a gunny sack over

the other full of baby hornets for the morrow.

I carried a comb full of embryo hornets a day in my life poster, out toward evening the warmth of my person had taken the place of the mamma hornet to such an extent that a sized out hornets emerged from their little sheath and stung me most bitterly. I did not tell the other gentleman about it, but they noticed that was sad, and that even the violinist, who at evenings and the evening party of the band at the camp did not give me joy. They also noticed that I carried a large pile around with me and sat on it to keep from taking cold on the cold earth.

This morning big boys came to where we were living. A. of them had large scimitars, we were over the eye, and they said that they were a committee to come to an advance on the price of our. At the time there was no time to arbitrate, but Mr. Fox thought less to agree to the demand of the committee, so we are paying 40 cents now, it requires the others to furnish their own soda and ammonia.

Mr. Fox arose early this morning to go to the summit of Craggy mountain. His desire was to see the portions of his country that he had in gray, and, as he mounted up the sky, the carness less away.

Curiosity of that kind used to do for me years ago, but now I can control it better. I heard him getting up in the night, it seemed one, and a long over my elaborate waterproof purpose in shoes, which I have had over a year, and yet they have that same dumb old power, not of getting people now where they are. They are full of life, and, as winter while traving, was not allowed to put up at "best" houses, many of the guests thinking that possibly these houses were contagious.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Zermatt or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

The agricultural interests here seem to be centered very largely in the wool industry. Every morning about 30 or 40 men go by here on their way to the rear of the forest, with a mackinaw over one shoulder and a gunny sack over

the other full of baby hornets for the morrow.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

The agricultural interests here seem to be centered very largely in the wool industry. Every morning about 30 or 40 men go by here on their way to the rear of the forest, with a mackinaw over one shoulder and a gunny sack over

the other full of baby hornets for the morrow.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

The agricultural interests here seem to be centered very largely in the wool industry. Every morning about 30 or 40 men go by here on their way to the rear of the forest, with a mackinaw over one shoulder and a gunny sack over

the other full of baby hornets for the morrow.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

The agricultural interests here seem to be centered very largely in the wool industry. Every morning about 30 or 40 men go by here on their way to the rear of the forest, with a mackinaw over one shoulder and a gunny sack over

the other full of baby hornets for the morrow.

I carried a comb full of embryo hornets a day in my life poster, out toward evening the warmth of my person had taken the place of the mamma hornet to such an extent that a sized out hornets emerged from their little sheath and stung me most bitterly. I did not tell the other gentleman about it, but they noticed that was sad, and that even the violinist, who at evenings and the evening party of the band at the camp did not give me joy. They also noticed that I carried a large pile around with me and sat on it to keep from taking cold on the cold earth.

This morning big boys came to where we were living. A. of them had large scimitars, we were over the eye, and they said that they were a committee to come to an advance on the price of our. At the time there was no time to arbitrate, but Mr. Fox thought less to agree to the demand of the committee, so we are paying 40 cents now, it requires the others to furnish their own soda and ammonia.

Mr. Fox arose early this morning to go to the summit of Craggy mountain. His desire was to see the portions of his country that he had in gray, and, as he mounted up the sky, the carness less away.

Curiosity of that kind used to do for me years ago, but now I can control it better. I heard him getting up in the night, it seemed one, and a long over my elaborate waterproof purpose in shoes, which I have had over a year, and yet they have that same dumb old power, not of getting people now where they are. They are full of life, and, as winter while traving, was not allowed to put up at "best" houses, many of the guests thinking that possibly these houses were contagious.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning out and living on crickets or trusting to a man coat who never tried it before. At the foot of Craggy mountain, by the bank of the sawing stream, stands a neat little cottage with a real rock in it and a big fire, where one may dry his wet feet and eat "here" meat as prepared by Mrs. Barnes.

She is not a college cook in her freshman year, who knows things that the Creator has not yet given to the press. She can cook, however, and does not allow the smoking tobacco to get into the water the way a man coat does. We don't have to go to water two miles when we are tire or sick in our wet clothes with a thousand-legged worm in each ear so as to get healthy.

When we don't care to go fishing or

gathering bunches of trout's nests, we call on the trout and smoke a long stem pipe and raw above. This, therefore, is a success, this, and when we get enough of it we can take Mr. Cushing's swift horses and in 2½ hours get comfortable in. As so, where we may be mixing up with the old evening in our neck and short sleeves if we want to.

Mr. Fox ate a cold biscuit and went up to the top of the mountain, and as was too honest to be about it when he got back. He is the most trustworthy young man I ever knew. I've seen the sweetest of ladies on earth, and the Zermatt or Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau to view the sunrise and then describe it and the about it when they got back, for the clouds had obscured the sunrise on the sky, and I've known a wife married a man with some wives and I can tell the best grandmothers and who gets about the sunrise on the Jungfrau or the Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau when the sun has been obscured for a week. But Mr. Fox to the honest that the time was not a success, and he had to head out it. Now when he says that he is a 2½ hour trout out of the water and lost him in the tall grass I believe every word he says.

But I can truly say that this is the most a solute and unadulterated week of my life, and I have not been up in my life, too, has been one of exceptional enjoyment, for I am of a sunny nature and live in a general, general atmosphere. We are not earning

WEEKLY GAZETTE

Published Every Thursday.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

DAILY—in ADVANCE.	\$500 (50c month).
For six months.....	1.50 (12c month).
WEEKLY—in ADVANCE.	1.25 (10c month).
For six months.....	7.50 (60c month).

ADVERTISING

Gates made known on application to the office.

No claims are allowed against employees of the GAZETTE to offset any of our accounts.

All advertisements for the WEEKLY GAZETTE must be hand-delivered not later than Tuesday noon. Address remittances and communications to

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT,

Editor and Publisher.

THE LANDSLIDE

We were looking for a landslide, and it has come; but it is bigger than we expected.

To all the people of Colorado, the first and greatest cause of rejoicing is of course the defeat of Waite, and the establishment of a Republican form of government in this State. But after we have got over our natural jubilation at the local result, we must be thankful also for the magnificent triumph of Republicanism in every part of this nation. The Republicans of Colorado are national Republicans, and they will rejoice at the victories of their party in other States almost as much as in their own.

Where the victory is so splendid everywhere, it is hard to pick out special causes for congratulation. But there are two or three points that may be emphasized.

And first, the solid South is broken—not by Populism, but by straight out-and-out Republicanism. The State of Tennessee has chosen a Republican for Governor—not a Populist—Republican, but a straight Republican; one of Tom Reed's most trusted lieutenants in the 51st Congress, Hurrah for Henry Clay Evans and the redemption of Tennessee! But not only in Tennessee, where there are as many Republicans as Democratic Congressmen, but in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Delaware, and Virginia, the solidarity of the southern planter is broken; while in West Virginia, the Republicans seem to have made a clean sweep. The Populists in the South are beaten. Even Tom Waite seems to have gone under. We congratulate not only the Republican party, but the whole country, that the solidarity of the South has been broken, not by a treason or a surrender of Republicans to Populists for a share of the spoils, but by a straight-forward Republican campaign. Populism is the only disappointment in the whole horizon.

Another point worthy of emphasis is the tremendous uprising in New York and the neighboring States. Such a victory in New York has never been known before, not even in war times. The metropolis is redeemed. Tammany is completely overthrown, and the city of New York will have five Republicans at Washington. Brooklyn is now one of the great Republican cities, with a solid Congressional delegation. In New Jersey, the Democrats seem to have saved only one Congressman out of the general wreck. In Connecticut there is a clean sweep.

At a time when the Democrats of Colorado have given such splendid help in redeeming the State, we do not like to say anything unpleasant about the Democratic party at large; but the figures speak louder than any words could. The people are tired of Democratic rule. There will be no more tariff tinkering, no more "pop-gum" bills. The tariff will remain as it is for maybe three years more, and when it is revised, will be revised in the interests of American manufacturers and American labor. Tom Reed will be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives and there will be some opportunity for useful legislation.

The Senate will probably stand 12 Republicans, 10 Democrats—counting Tillman and Irby of South Carolina as Democrats; 4 Populists; Senator Jones; and one—from Washington—doubtful. It is evident that no purely partisan legislation can go through the Senate during the next two years.

These results are all, and more than all, that could have been expected. Republicans everywhere may sing the long-metre doxology to-day with a good heart.

THE POPULIST PARTY.

We do not think the Populist party is dead, politically, notwithstanding the reverse of last week. That reverse was largely due to the incubus of Waite. If indeed they have got rid of him, let the Populists go ahead with their propaganda; let them advocate their referendum and their initiative, their flat money and their government ownership of the means of communication and distribution. These things are matters of argument; if they can persuade a majority of the people of this country that these are desirable things, then these things will come. We can meet such a propaganda with argument, and treat the authors of it as fellow citizens entitled to a respectful hearing. But let us have no more of the doctrine that "some laws were made to be broken," that no criminal shall suffer the punishment of his crime, that the military should be superior to the civil power, that the laws ought to be enacted for the benefit of a single class of the community. The end of Waite ought to be the end of such doctrines in the State.

HAT ABOUT SILVER?

The people of this State may congratulate themselves that they are still to be represented in the United States Senate by a man who is so well known in the Senate, and so respected for his ability, as Senator Wolcott. Such a man will have a great influence with his colleagues on the Republican side; and the more influence, the better Republican he is on all the national issues. He knows that the Republicans of Colorado are with their party on all the other great issues of the day—that they have no thought of secession—not even of going to Jones, whatever he is politically. By a cordial cooperation with his colleagues on all other questions, Mr. Wolcott can obtain for himself a hearing and an influence on the silver question such as no Populist ever could.

The same may be said, in a less degree, of Mr. Shafroth—in a less degree, we mean, because he has not been to Washington before, and is not as well known to his colleagues; and also because the membership of the House is so much larger than that of the Senate.

This district, we are sorry to say, seems likely to be misrepresented for another two years by John C. Bell. We have treated Mr. Bell very tenderly, because we thought he was honest; but it is none the less a great misfortune for us that our Representative, instead of being one of the majority, will be the infuse who has that fact would give him, will be one of a pitiful little band of seven or eight Abolitionists who are not listened to by anybody, and who have no weight in the House whatever.

But this is putting it very mildly. We shall have the misfortune, if Mr. Bell is elected, of being represented by a man who takes one way and votes another; who gave up all the interests of his State in return for the imposition of an abominable inquisitorial income tax that we do not believe the people of this district wanted. We are to be represented by a man who attends the sessions, to be sure, but might as well stay away for the good he can do us or anybody else. If we had elected Tom Bowen, we should have had a team in the House that would have pretty well matched our team in the Senate; and Colorado would have had more influence in that body than many States twice her size. Mr. Bell can do nothing for it in silver; every word he may say for it in the House will only harm his cause, because on all other issues he is associated with the cranks who make themselves simply a nuisance and a hindrance to the transaction of business.

But what of the silver cause in general? Has it been helped at all by the general Republican victory? Are the prospects any brighter of its ultimate restoration to its proper place in our coinage system? In the first place, while Grover Cleveland remains President, no silver legislation can be enacted. That would have been true, no matter who had won the fight that is just over.

In the second place, the Democratic party could never have enacted a satisfactory silver bill, because they are not united in the question and because they have shown abundantly that they are constituted by incapable of enacting satisfactory legislation on any subject whatever.

In the third place, a Populist victory in this State—and in all the mountain States for that matter—would have done nothing for silver, except to bring it into disrepute, because the Populist party has not the remotest chance in the world of ever getting a majority in Congress, or of accomplishing any of its objects by national legislation.

In the fourth place, the only hope of a satisfactory solution of the coinage question lies in the Republican party, which is the party that does things. This party is becoming leavened with the silver sentiment. Many of its Eastern organs are most pronounced advocates of real bimetallism—what we call bimetallism out here. Many of its leaders are looking at the question in a new light. The party has always declared for bimetallism in its national platforms, and we expect that the declaration next time will be stronger and more unequivocal than ever before; and when the Republican party puts things into its platform, it is in the habit of carrying out its sentiments when it gets into office.

The only thing that can be done for silver now is to educate and convert the people who have hitherto been against it. If the truth is on our side in this matter, we shall prevail, and that before very long. This thing has got to be argued out coolly, and they must get it out of their heads in the East that we are for silver simply because this State is a silver camp. We must show them that this State is not a silver camp simply or mainly; that our interest in the matter is the same as their interest; that we are talking good finance, and not personal interest only. And this will take some time; but it cannot be done any other way. It cannot be done by getting up silver conventions and sending Colonel Archibald Fisk to them as a representative of Colorado sentiment; it cannot be done by trying to make an unconstitutional and unnatural "alliance" between the West and the South; it cannot be done by raving and ranting, by denunciations of "sharks" and the "money power." It must be done by argument and persuasion.

Meantime, let us show the world that we do not depend on silver; that we have plenty of other resources; that this is going to be the most prosperous State in the Union anyhow; that the opportunity for investment here, outside of silver mining, are the best that can be found in the world; that we are full of hope and courage and confidence. The best of it is that this is all true; there need be no pretending; at each man speak and write just as he feels; for we all feel that way. And then when silver is remunerative, we shall be on top anyhow, and ready to go right up to the very highest peak of prosperity possible in this mountain sphere.

COLORADO'S OPPORTUNITY.

The effect of the election on general business &c. over the country will undoubtedly be good. The decisive majority in the House of Representatives and the probable Republican majority in the Senate, will effectively prevent any further tariff existing in the direction of elasticity to American industries, and may even lead to some modification of the present tariff in the direction of more adequate protection; but Grover Cleveland is President, and we probably veto any measures of re-revision that change the present tariff. The effects of that tariff will therefore continue, and business must adjust itself to the lowered duties. A great many factors must enter into the result, and so a majority of them always voted the Democratic ticket. But the events of the last two years have been more powerfully educational than any num-

ber of stump speeches, and the general depression and reduction of wages which followed the revision of the tariff brought conviction to thousands whom no amount of oratory ever could have moved. The workingmen of America have found out that while it may be better for workingmen the world over to have an approach to free trade, it is distinctly worse for the workingmen of America. Their altruistic instincts have not yet been developed sufficiently to allow them to rejoice over the prosperity of their brother workmen in the factories of England, Wales and Germany, and they do not seem willing to have their own wages reduced in order that workingmen in those other countries may have employment.

Does all this mean a return to "McKinleyism?" That depends on what is meant by McKinleyism. If you mean a return to the exact schedules of the McKinley bill, then the answer is, No; because the conditions of trade are constantly changing, and there must be a constant adjustment of tariff rates to meet the changes in conditions. But if you mean by McKinleyism protection to American industries to the extent of the difference in wages in this country and foreign countries, then the answer is emphatically, Yes.

The workingmen of this country have become used to a different scale of living from that in vogue among workingmen on the other side of the Atlantic, and they will never voluntarily relinquish the added comforts to which they have become accustomed. They want meat twice a day, not twice a week; they want clothes as good as anybody wears. They want carpets on their floors, and pictures on their walls, and parlor organs or perhaps pianos for their daughters, and bicycles for their boys. They can't have these things with European wages.

McKinleyism, as we understand what that means, goes on the theory that the better wages our workingmen make, the greater is their power of consumption, and the larger the market they offer to American producers and manufacturers. It is the largest and best market in the world, and one proof of this is the frantic efforts which foreigners are all the time making to get a share of it. It may be selfish for us to compel foreigners who want to get a share of our trade to pay a large tariff in order to get their wares in here, but we think it will be acknowledged that this is an enlightened, and even perhaps a patriotic selfishness.

But the benefit will come, not to this county alone, but to every county in the State. There are other gold camps beside Cripple Creek. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of fruitful land that will produce fruit and vegetables to feed the new thousands who are coming to the land of promise. And we are so far from the East, and freight is such an appreciable element in the cost of commodities, that men will find manufacturing a more paying business here than in the East, and many new enterprises of that sort will spring up.

And then, there is our climate. When the climate alone has drawn thousands to come and live here, what may we not expect when the opportunity is offered to make money, and at the same time live in a land of sunshine and health?

These are some of the reasons why we expect that Colorado will be the most prosperous State in the Union during the next few years. Everybody who has been here agrees that it is the best State in the Union to live in; now we believe it is going to be the best State in the Union to make money in. It is an irresistible combination.

THE VOTE OF THE CITIES.

One of the most remarkable things about the election of last week was the overturning of Democracy in the large cities throughout the whole country. For many years Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have been about the only two cities that were safely Republican, although Cleveland and Cincinnati sometimes came to the front with a Republican majority. Last Tuesday, however, almost every large city in the whole country gave a Republican majority. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Denver—all are on the Republican list, and Baltimore came near upsetting the solid Democratic majority that has seemed as rock-ribbed as the hills. As to Omaha, Kansas City and San Francisco, we are yet in doubt. As a whole, however, the great cities this year are Republican.

This is a very wonderful change, and there must be some general cause for it, arising from the local issues which gave the victory to the anti-Tammany combination in New York. Even in New York, where the city is with Tammany, induced many Democrats to vote the union ticket, there was a majority of Republican members of Congress chosen; and then when silver is remunerative, we shall be on top anyhow, and ready to go right up to the very highest peak of prosperity possible in this mountain sphere.

The one great issue which was presented in the general campaign in the States east of the Missouri river was the tariff. The foreign policy of the national administration came in for its share of criticism; the income tax was somewhat of an issue in a few districts, but in most of the districts protection was so evidently the one issue that the rest were almost entirely ignored.

There then is the cause for the overturn of the Democracy in the cities; and we think the cause is sufficient to account for the effects. For many years Republican campaigners have been telling the workingmen of the great cities that their prosperity is bound up with the fate of the Republican party; but they did not believe it. They were not persuaded that the tariff made any difference with their wages, and so a majority of them always voted the Democratic ticket. But the events of the last two years have been more powerfully educational than any num-

ber of stump speeches, and the general depression and reduction of wages which followed the revision of the tariff brought conviction to thousands whom no amount of oratory ever could have moved. The workingmen of America have found out that while it may be better for workingmen the world over to have an approach to free trade, it is distinctly worse for the workingmen of America. Their altruistic instincts have not yet been developed sufficiently to allow them to rejoice over the prosperity of their brother workmen in the factories of England, Wales and Germany, and they do not seem willing to have their own wages reduced in order that workingmen in those other countries may have employment.

The nation's government. Mr. Tilden had the old idea of the function of Democracy, and it has never been more ably set forth than in his letter of acceptance of the nomination for President. Since Mr. Tilden was beaten, however, the party has deserted its old ground to a great extent, and gone off after strange gods. It seemed to be discouraged by its long exclusion from federal office, and it has taken up with ideas that are diametrically opposed to its historic principles. In the campaign just closed, the Democratic platform was bewildering in its variety. In this State, the platform contained an endorsement of the election of Senators directly by the people—a doctrine entirely subversive of the old fundamental principle of the party. Logically and naturally, the Democratic party should be the very antithesis of Populism; but practically, in the desire to get votes, the members of the Democratic party have allowed their vantage ground to be occupied by the Republicans. In the entire North, there is only one Democratic leader who has seemed to understand what Democracy really means—Senator Hill of New York; and only one newspaper of national influence that sticks to the old Democratic doctrine—the New York Sun.

Now, what is the prospect for the Democratic party?

If it continues to exhibit a total want of principle; if it disregards the ideas upon which it was founded, and takes up socialist notions for the purpose of gaining votes; if it adopts Populist platforms under the name of Democracy—as it has done in North Carolina, for instance—then we see no reason why it should not be swallowed up by the Populist party, which is the avowedly socialist party. If, on the other hand, it returns to its original ground, and takes up stand once more as the champion of individualism, of personal liberty as against the encroachments of governmental power; if it proclaims as its doctrine, and sticks to it in practice, that that government is best which governs least, then we can see no reason why there should not still be a long and honorable career before it.

Just at present, we have the strange spectacle presented of the Republican party occupying the historic position of the Democratic party.

As things stand now, the Republican party is the conservative party; the Populist party is the radical party; and the Democrats are nowhere in particular. But this is a transition stage. The natural alignment, we believe, is the old one. As soon as the Republican party is in power again, it will be the party of progress, and the natural position of the Democratic party will be its old one of guardian of the constitution and of individual and State rights. Some party must occupy this position, or we shall be in danger of going too fast and too far.

We know that Democrats all over the country are seriously considering the position of their party, and we hope the result of their cogitations will appear in a return to their old principles.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Every time one of the old parties meets with a remarkably severe defeat, we hear it announced that the party is dead, and that a new alignment of parties is necessary—that the old party has survived its usefulness, lost its reason for existence—that the issues of the present are so different from the issues of the past that a redistribution of voters is necessary. We heard this sort of talk in 1890 and in 1892, about the Republican party; we are hearing it now about the Democratic party.

The Democratic party has lasted a century; and the Republican party, under one name and another, has existed ever since the foundation of the government. There is no need now to discuss the question whether the Republican party is going to live; last week's elections answered that conundrum in an unmistakable manner. Perhaps it is worth while, however, to consider whether the Democratic party, after a century of existence, is about to disappear.

There is no doubt that the party is badly broken up. It has lost every Northern State, and in the South it has had the roughest shaking it has received since the reconstruction period. But we do not believe it is going out of existence, never to disappear.

The principles upon which the Democratic party was founded are as old as our race. The party itself, while it was formally founded by Jefferson, is older than Jefferson, and had what was almost an organized existence before the constitution was adopted. The bulk of its supporters, when Jefferson rallied them about a century ago, and made a strong patriotic organization out of them, was composed of those who had opposed the adoption of the constitution, and who, after it was adopted, insisted on the strict and narrow construction of its provisions. It was the party of individualism, as opposed to nationalism; of the conservatives, as opposed to the progressives. When it obtained power, under its first great leader, it discovered the necessity, if the government were to be carried on at all, of adopting in large measure the policy of its recent antagonists. The Louisiana purchase, for instance, was an act of federalism which was opposed to the creed of the party as it had been held. But parties cannot stand still; not even conservative parties; they never have, and they never will. It has been made a reproach to the Democratic party, through its existence, that it is camped on the old ground which its antagonists had occupied years before; but that is only another way of saying that it is a conservative party, slow to adopt and put into execution new ideas.

During the first three-quarters of the century, the Democratic party occupied substantially the ground that Jefferson had staked it on; it was the party of the individual, as against the government; the party of the individual State as against the nation government. Mr. Tilden had the old idea of the function of Democracy, and it has never been more ably set forth than in his letter of acceptance of the nomination for President. Since Mr. Tilden was beaten, however, the party has deserted its old ground to a great extent, and gone off after strange gods. It seemed to be discouraged by its long exclusion from federal office, and it has taken up with ideas that are diametrically opposed to its historic principles. In the campaign just closed, the Democratic platform was bewildering in its variety. In this State, the platform contained an endorsement of the election of Senators directly by the people—a doctrine entirely subversive of the old fundamental principle of the party. Logically and naturally, the Democratic party should be the very antithesis of Populism; but practically, in the desire to get votes, the members of the Democratic party have allowed their vantage ground to be occupied by the Republicans. In the entire North, there is only one Democratic leader who has seemed to understand what Democracy really means—Senator Hill of New York; and only one newspaper of national influence that sticks to the old Democratic doctrine—the New York Sun.

It is generally conceded and expected that the President ought to and will do something handsome for Mr. Wilson. That gentleman has sacrificed himself on the altar of tariff reform, and surely he deserves something in return. There are no vacancies on the bench of the Supreme Court, and there are no big foreign missions vacant; but it is intimated that Mr. Olney is willing to retire, and Mr. Wilson may be appointed Attorney General.

The celebration in Denver Monday night was the greatest the State ever saw. It was fitting as the recognition of the most important event that ever happened in Colorado.

In no State in the Union are so many opportunities open to investors as in Colorado at the present time. The early bidders will have the pick of the pile.

Eczema of Worst Type. School and Society Abandoned. Poor Dear Would Be Relieved. Cuticura.

Soon for an end to all sufferings.

Ever since I was three years old I have been troubled with Eczema of the worst type. It always completely covered my head and neck. I have tried all sorts of medicines, and been doctored by many very eminent physicians, but with no favorable result. Sometimes my head would be so bad that I could not sleep at night, and my ears would be so much worse, my eyes would look as though they would fall off, could not go to school or mingle with society, as the disease smote so bad. I got at times that I could not sleep at night, and I could not go to school. I got until I hardly knew what to do. I got your CUTICURA at the 25th of January last, and followed them according to directions, and can now say that they soon put an end to all my suffering. I had spent money and tried the best of doctors with but little relief.

MISS HANNAH L. WARREN.

123

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD GAME OF FOOTBALL.
W. P. PESLO F. G. SCOO.

Colorado College a Winner by 20 to 0—Coroner Marlow Investigates a Case of Suicide—Railway Conductors Want the '96 Convention in Colorado Springs.

The Colorado College team won the first football game against the Pueblo High School team yesterday by score of 20 to 0. The college had decided advantage in weight, but the Pueblo team made a line showing against them. The college got the ball down with a kick off. Pueblo "downed" it, and for a time it looked as though they would score, but they lost the ball on downs, which trying to go through the center, the college's strongest point. The college soon made a touch-down, but failed to kick the goal. They soon got the ball again, and by steady gains pushed it toward Pueblo's goal. They were within half a yard of the goal when "time" was called. The score stood 4 to 0 in favor of Colorado College.

In the second half, the college team made steady gains, having won out their opponents, and won their another touch-down. It again failed to kick the goal. Getting the ball again, after a severe struggle, another touch-down was made, and the try for a goal kick was successful, so the score stood 11 to 0. In very few minutes they had another touch-down, and kicked another goal, bringing the score up to 20 to 0. They had the ball again, and were in the opponent's territory, and about to make another goal, when "time" was called, and the game ended.

Elrich made a fine run in the first half, covering over half the length of the field, and holding almost the complete Pueblo line. Hodges and Gilbreth, as tackles, also did good work running with the ball. Blakes made several good gains through center. In the last half Bayley made two good runs, and once passed clear through the Pueblo line when stopped by a foul tackle. He would not have had made a good run but for that. Hodges did good work in this half, and held the ball over the line rather well. In fact, the whole team played excellently, with very few fumbles. On the Pueblo team, Wilson, as captain, did good work. Browning, half-back, did the best work, making several fine tackles. Stout, tackle, also did good work, and Hay, full-back, played his usual good game. The Pueblo team is a good one for its size, and showed a good deal of skill. Some of their best men were not in line. The team lined up as follows:

Position.	Colorado Springs.	
Left End.	Hartskorn	
Right Tackle.	Gillet	
Stillwell	Right Guard.	McKenzie
Left	Center.	Matchett
Thatcher	Left Guard.	Hutchinson
Robinson	Left Tackle.	Hodge
Crow	Left End.	Shilling
Hyde	Quarter-back.	Bayley
Wilson	Right Half-back.	Blake
Browning	Left Half-back.	Elrich
Hay	Full-back.	Packard

TO IDE HER SHAVE.

A Young Woman at Calhan Took Her Own Life.

Yesterday morning Coroner Marlow came back to the city from Calhan, where he went to investigate the death of the woman whose body was found a few miles from that place on Wednesday. The coroner held an inquest, and the following facts. The girl's name was Anna Krieger, and she was aged about 19 years. It seems that she went into that vicinity to live last May with her sister and brother-in-law, who came from Pueblo, and whose names are Gibson. In July she came into this city, and on August 17 wrote to her sister that she was working for a woman here named Mrs. Brown. That was the last heard of her. The family thought that she was still here, but it is impossible to state when she left here, as far as it has been possible to find the people with whom she was living here. She has been dead for at least two months, and the body had been torn and eaten by the coyotes until there was very little left. The body was identified by the clothing. By her side lay a bottle that had contained strichine. The girl had walked out there and laid down on a grassy bank and taken the dose. The strichine had been bought early in the summer at a drug store in Calhan. She had told her sister that she meant to take it, but it was regarded as foolish talk.

The physician's examination of the body revealed the fact that the girl had probably taken the fatal dose to hide her shame, as she would shortly have become a mother. This was a fact unknown to the people in that vicinity, and was probably the cause of her talk regarding suicide. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide.

ANOTHER CONVENTION.

The Railway Conductors Want to Have the 1896 Meeting Here.

The committee of the Order of Railway Conductors are completing arrangements to make the ball at the Coliseum on Thanksgiving a fine affair. Supper will be served at the Club Coffee house and ices will be served by Gough during the evening. The Conductors are working to get a large fund on hand for a very commendable purpose. Next spring the national association of the order meets in Atlanta, Ga., and it is proposed to send a strong delegation there for the purpose of securing the meeting for 1896 in Colorado Springs. The delegate will go there armed with literature regarding this vicinity, a car load of Manitou water and every inducement that can be held out. They will have the support of the entire West and are confident that they can get the meeting. The national body is composed of about 600 delegates, and usually they take their wives with them. As everyone knows, there is nothing more about the conductors and their advent into the city which means a good deal of money. Not only that but they have the opportunity of doing a great deal in the way of advertising the locality. The local men should have the encouragement of the citizens in their effort.

College Gymnasium Work.

The gymnasium at Colorado College has been equipped with a large amount of new apparatus which permits of the most advanced work and the work there is now progressing very fast under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson. The new dressing rooms which are being fitted with shower baths, private dressing

rooms, lockers, etc., will be ready in a few days.

Electric light has already been put into the building and the steam heating will soon follow. Careful attention is now paid to the physical condition of each student, and Dr. Preston is meeting all the young women for an examination of their condition and gives advice to each in regard to what each ought or ought not to undertake.

To accommodate those who have asked for opportunities to use the gymnasium special classes will be formed on application of both ladies and gentlemen, which will be under the direction of either Mr. or Mrs. Hutchinson. Indian club swinging, callisthenics, dumb bell drills, hand drills, wrestling, boxing and general apparatus work are taught. Particular attention is to be paid to lung gymnastics.

Nebraska's Would-be Senators.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 10.—With an assured Republican majority of between 20 and 40 in the Legislature, an active campaign for the seat in the United States Senate occupied by Gen. Manderson has begun already, half a dozen aspirants for the place being in Lincoln during the day. Of the dozen or more present or prospective candidates, John M. Thompson of Omaha has the most following. As an avowed, though not accepted candidate he stands the State all during the campaign. Governor Crook and Senator Manderson would be pleased to succeed himself. Then come G. M. Lamberton of Lincoln, John L. Webster of Omaha, and Church Howe of Auburn. T. J. Majors, defeated

A VIXEN.

Things Were Let Go Until Their Religion Was Settled.

In one of the valleys of the Smoky mountains I came across a squatter who was smoking his pipe on a stump at the foot. The log cabin was a wreath of smoke, and the man was sitting on a log in a chair, and around was half an acre of corn which had grown knee high and never turned a sickly yellow. The man was rugged and had a shaven face, and as he sat on the floor he seemed to be a honest, simple man. After the usual salutations and a little general talk he said:

"You don't seem to be getting along very well."

"Only just so far—just to live."

"Your cabin needs fixing up."

"Yes, said powerin' out."

"The weeks have piled on your corn."

"How they have, said—till that corn right out."

"You don't appear to be much of a farmer."

"No, not much of one."

"And your health is not very good."

"Very poor health, said—very poor."

"Dan, tell me the reason why you look so shanty," said the woman.

"I'm doorstop," said the woman.

"You're a doorstop, my snake is comin' on," he answered.

Said came forward, having a small family. She sat on the floor, and sitting down on the stump beside her husband said:

"Section things to look powerfully shabby to you, stronger, but we're not troublous—troublous."

"Sickness—sorrow?"

"No, not that. You see, we was born Presbyterians over in South Carolina. Then we moved to Georgia and got to be Baptists. From there we went to North Carolina and joined the Methodists. Then we got down here, and Daniel, joined the Chautauquists, while I was strong on the Adventists. We've won three years seekin' to figure out. Sometimes I've bin a lead of Daniel, and again he's bin me up a tree. We've just lost that we'll got to settle on the religion so—wif we won't go to work, and that's what makes us look so shanty and shabby."

"And you have finally settled the question, have you?"

"We have."

"Yes, she's com set—et," added the husband.

"And what kind of religion have you come used to accept?"

"A soror; said. "It's soror Presbyterians and Baptists and Adventists scrapping into one, on it's leavin' out a prim stone and a few more a day. Praise the Lord. But if you come back this way two weeks from now Dan'll will be comin' real tobacco, and I'll have new shoes and stockings on."—*Memphis Appeal-Auracle.*

Freeze Set Free.

Dakota City, Neb., Nov. 10.—Norman Freeze, a man of 40, a well-known attorney of Antelope County, who was arrested on October 16, charged with embezzlement and larceny, was discharged today. The charges resulted from this finding about \$2,000 in a well at Hether on property occupied by Freeze, while acting as cashier of the Homer State bank, which institution was robbed of \$2,700 on the morning of October 21, 1894.

A Poor Counterpart.

Washington, Nov. 10.—A poor counterpart of the shrewd man has been received by the chief of the treasury secret service. It is check letter B, act of July 11, 1890, series 1891, J. Frank Tillman, register of the treasury; J. N. Morgan, treasurer of the United States; portr. of Gen. Sheridan.

The Kentucky Delegation.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 10.—The official count in the Tenth district to-day shows that Joe M. Kendall (Dem.) is elected to Congress by 101 plurality over N. T. Hopkins (Rep.). This makes Kentucky delegation stand the Democratic to five Republicans.

A Battle in Africa.

Berlin, Nov. 10.—The Government has received advices from Dar es Salaam, German East Africa, that on October 13, the German troops engaged in a battle with the Wahshe tribe near Konto. Two officials, Lieutenants Bothmer and Hattierich, were killed and several soldiers were wounded.

Trouble Among the Creeks.

Choctaw, I. T., Nov. 10.—At 9:30 to-night Amos McIntosh, nation tax collector for the Creek Nation, shot Lee Atkins, a member of the House of Kings in the Creek Nation. McIntosh and Atkins were rivals for political honors. Atkins had only a few minutes. The Creek Nation is now subjected to internal dissensions and further trouble is expected. McIntosh is at large.

COMMISSIONS ON THE ELECTION.

Goodbye, Old Grover.

The American people have declared that this is a protection and not a free trade country. That is the meaning of the elections in the East and the enormous gains made by the Republicans in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and other western States.—*Denver Republican.*

The Prohibition View.

Nearly or quite all of the readers are probably aware before this reaches them of the clean sweep made by the Republican party all over the nation yesterday. Barring South Carolina and an occasional office secured by fusion the Democrats have "nothing but leaves" in Colorado the only important office that escaped the eagle's clutch was Comptroller of the Second, and both sides claim that. There is the usual difficulty in securing our vote, and our choice is resolved to show it consistently smaller than we had expected, though there are occasional bright spots.

We have by no means made a fair showing of our party strength, and the returns given are almost universally for Governor where our candidate was badly cut. Plaindealer.

Knox's Bon Mot.

Judge John Knox Burton's introduction of Wattie as a Governor who had stood between capital and the people for two years and would stand between the people and capital for two years more did the work.—*Cripple Creek Journal.*

Palmer Quae Merit, Frist.

To-day Mrs. J. Ellen Foster takes her departure from Colorado to labor in other fields. She will carry with her the good will and esteem of all the people she met during her brilliant campaign tour in the half of the successful ticket, and if she will only come and make her home among us she can have any office she wishes to fill in our next State election.—*Denver Republican.*

Bid of the Millstone.

To say that the law and order-loving element of the State has been relieved of a load which has hung like a millstone around the neck and oppressed the heart and brains of every friend of Colorado is a cold way of putting it. Even the early day people are feeling much better and faces which have for months been shaded with the marks of care are now wreathed in smiles. Colorado has now received and once more her prospects for the future are bright. Few people at the polls have repudiated Wattie and the name of Colorado will no longer be held up to the ridicule of the world.—*Pueblo Chieftain.*

College Gymnasium Work.

The gymnasium at Colorado College has been equipped with a large amount of new apparatus which permits of the most advanced work and the work there is now progressing very fast under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson. The new dressing rooms which are being fitted with shower baths, private dressing

THE SWINE.

Two brookles are shown with the one nearly 6 inches in their longest diameter.

A Minervy's acmeto, here in enamel, was surrounded with coral stones like a wreath.

A goat wreath from the neck of a corse she comb is intended to complete an empaire.

A unique brooch is a bunch of coral, enamel, pearls suspended from a coral or green enamel leaves.

A series of perforating silver beads, which was found to be a pendant and a pin, and a pendant designed to conform to its shape.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Geoffrey A. Jackson, of the county of El Paso and State of Colorado, did on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1892, by his certain deed of trust of that date, which is duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk and Recorder of El Paso County, on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1892, in book 112, on page 303, conveyed to the undersigned W. W. Williamson, of El Paso County, as trustee, and in case of his failure for any reason to act as such trustee then to the then acting County Clerk of said El Paso County, as successor in trust, the following described real estate situated in the county of El Paso and State of Colorado, to-wit: That part of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section eight (8) in township fourteen (14) south of range sixty-six (66) west as surveyed by the Colorado Springs company, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the southeast corner of said tract, thence running northerly on the east line thereof one hundred and thirty-four feet more or less, to the south line of Garfield street in Walnut addition to said city of Colorado Springs, thence running westerly on the south line of said street, one hundred and six feet more or less, thence southerly ninety feet, more or less, thence westerly thirty-one feet more or less to the right of way of the Denver and Santa Fe railway, thence southerly on the east line of said right of way forty-three feet, more or less, to the south line of said tract, 14-1 of section eight, thence eastwardly on the south line thereof one hundred and thirty-six feet, more or less, to the southeast corner of said tract, the point of beginning. Which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment to the then acting County Clerk of El Paso County, as trustee, of the sum of \$4,37 and nine cents due on the note of \$5,50 each, payable to the order of David Heron, on July 1 in each of the years 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894 and on Jan. 1, 1895, and

Whereas, It is provided in said deed of trust, that in case of default in the payment of the said notes or any part thereof, when the same or any part thereof shall become due, then all the notes shall become due and payable and the trustee or, in case of his failure for any reason to act, then the said successor in trust, to the then acting County Clerk of El Paso County, upon the request of the holder of the said notes, shall proceed to sell said premises, according to the terms of the said deed of trust, for the uses and purposes therein provided, and,

Whereas, Default has been made in the payment of said note of \$5,50 each, and the holder of said note has elected to retain the principal sum of \$5,50 each, and payable on account of the failure thereof, and in the payment of said note according to the terms of said deed of trust, to the then acting County Clerk of El Paso County, upon the request of the holder of the said notes, the holder of the said note shall proceed to sell said premises, according to the terms of the said deed of trust, for the uses and purposes therein provided, and,

Whereas, The holder of the note of \$5,50 each has elected to deduct the same due and payable, anything in said note to the contrary notwithstanding, and in the event the said trustee or, in case of his failure, the then acting County Clerk of El Paso County, shall sell said premises for the purpose of paying said note and interest, and all expenses connected with the execution of said trust,

And, whereas, Default has been made in the payment of said principal note for \$2,50 and all interest thereon, and whereas default has been made in the payment of the taxes upon the said property; and, whereas, the holder of the said note has elected and desires hereby elect that the whole of said principal sum and interest secured by said note shall at once become due and payable; now,

Therefore, At the request of the legal holder of said note and in and by virtue of the terms of said deed of trust, I, W. W. Williamson, trustee as aforesaid, or in case of my failure for any reason to act then my successor in trust, will on Monday, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., at the front door of the County Clerk's office of said El Paso County, Colorado, sell the above described real estate with appurtenances and all the right, title, benefit and equity of redemption of the said note of \$5,50 each, and the holder of the said note shall bring in cash for the purpose of paying said note and interest, taxes and all expenses connected with the execution of said trust.

W. W. WILLIAMSON, Trustee.

F. W. Howbert, County Clerk of El Paso County, successor in trust.

First publication, October 25, 1894.

Last publication, November 22, 1894.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Geoffrey A. Jackson, of the county of El Paso and State of Colorado, did on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1892, by his certain deed of trust of that date, which is duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk and Recorder of El Paso County, on the 17th day of March, A. D.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

Laid with Appropriate Ceremonies by the Bishop, Assisted by a Number of the Clergy—Details of the Exercises—Address by the Dean Colwell, the Rector of Stratford and Others.

Yesterday was a red letter day in the history of the parish of St. Stephen in this city. This parish was founded about a year ago, by some of those who had formerly been members of Grace parish, and since that time, they have been worshipping in the old building on 14th street, between Tejon and Nevada. Several months ago the parish was re-organized by the gift of a fine lot at the corner of Tejon and Monument streets from Mr. J. J. Hagerman. Steps were at once taken to raise enough money for the beginning of a suitable building for the church on the new lot. It was felt that with such a lot, it was wise not to attempt to erect a fine church building at once, and that the best plan would be to place the church on the lot a building that would serve the purpose of a chapel and parish house, and when the church should have been built, could be turned into a parish house entirely. It was the foundation stone of this building that was laid yesterday.

It is usual, in laying corner stones, to wait until the foundation has been completed; but in this instance it was desired to take advantage of the presence in this city of the bishop of the diocese and a number of the clergy, and therefore the stone was laid before the excavation for the cellar was entirely completed. It is not merely a corner stone, but a foundation stone, and stands under the center of the main front of the building on Monument street.

The exercises began promptly at noon. There were present about a hundred of the laity; mostly from the parish of St. Stephen and 13 of the clergy, in full robes and canopies, making a picturesque and pleasing spectacle. Among the clergy present were Bishop Studdert, Dean Colwell of Grace church, and the Revs. C. Y. Green of Cripple Creek, Harper of Minto, Johnson and Douglas of Denver, Dr. W. S. Studdert, Vicar of Cuckoo, and the rector of Stratford-on-Avon parish in England, Mr. Arbutnott.

After the singing of the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," the rector of the parish, the Rev. Philip Washburn, introduced the Bishop, who laid the stone with the usual formula, and then made an address, in which he congratulated the people of this parish on this auspicious beginning of a great and useful work. He exhorted them in a spirit of spirituality and enthusiasm, to stand by the separation from Grace parish, and said that this building was to stand here among other things, for unity. It was to stand also for sound culture; and in this connection he referred gracefully to the near neighborhood of the College, and expressed the hope that as they were neighbors, so they might always be found working together for the highest ends. Lastly, this church was to stand for the catholic faith—the faith that is held by an undivided Christendom, as that faith is expressed in the ancient creeds of the church.

When the Bishop had finished, the rector, in a happy speech, introduced Dean Colwell of Grace church, who brought greetings from the mother parish to the daughter, and wished it all success in the work which it has undertaken. He pledged himself and his parish heartily to co-operate with the rector and the people of St. Stephen's, and hoped that they might grow strong by mutual support and encouragement. In introducing the next speaker, Mr. Arbutnott referred to the fact that things are new in this part of the world, but said that it was pleasant to remember that they were linked with that which is old; and he was glad to be able to introduce a representative of the mother church of England, in the person of the rector of Stratford-on-Avon, beneath whose feet as he ministered to his people every Sunday repose the ashes of William Shakespeare.

Mr. Arbutnott said that when he was first asked to take part in this service, he had refused; but when he was told that he was desired to say a few words of greeting from the mother church to this one, the youngest of her daughters, he could refuse no longer. From that old church he brought a hearty greeting, and best wishes for the success of the new undertaking. He related an incident that occurred not long before he left his home, of an American mother and her son whom he had admitted to the communion in his church, as showing the connection between the English church and the American, and the gladness with which the mother church performs her ecclesiastical offices for her children from this country.

After the singing of another hymn, the benediction was pronounced by the Bishop, and with a final hymn the audience dispersed.

A large and special choir of ladies and gentlemen sang the hymns, also the Psalm "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fullness Thereof," under the direction of G. D. James, organist of the church, assisted by D. E. Rawley, cornetist.

The new building is to be three parts; the front part on Monument street, is to one story in height, and will serve as a chapel. This will have a high gable end, containing a large 4-light Gothic window, and on the sides will be 12 dormer windows. It will seat 256 people. The entrance will be by a side porch on the corner toward Tejon street, at the north end of the building.

The back part of the building will be two stories high, and will be used for a parish house. The entrance will be at the southwest corner. Downstairs will be the guild room, choir room and rector's robes room. Upstairs will be a large room for Sunday school purposes, and a small room for kitchen, and then an office is built some time in the future, the top part of the back end of the building containing a room to correspond with that of the south end, and the whole of the upper story can be thrown into one large parish hall, while the first floor can be divided into class-rooms.

The material will be lava, of a gray color, from the quarries of Castle Rock. The total outside measurement of the building will be 97x41 feet.

District Court.

Judge Campbell presided in the District court yesterday but adjourned it in time to permit the jurymen and court officers to attend the Denver celebration.

Thomas M. Patterson, attorney for the Bull Hill men, asked the court to set the trial of the men at an early day. Judge Campbell refused to set the cases on the grounds that he did not care to "see a change in any of the cases where a change

of venue would be asked for. He stated, however, that in the cases where there would be no change he would set them for trial or would fix the date so as to give the men time to have to re-main in jail.

The case of the People vs. Gibson was set for Nov. 20.

Trial of the case of the People vs. Salter was begun. Salter is the man who killed another man in the rear of the Gas-keller, building last spring, name unknown. Cochran, the coroner, is now investigating, and H. M. Blackmer is defense attorney. The examination of the jurymen was begun but not completed at the time of adjournment. The case will be continued on Wednesday.

Hirsch & Co. vs. Koyn & Weinberg, assignee granted permission to re-please or otherwise protect the property.

Court adjourned until Wednesday.

In the District court yesterday the application of T. M. Patterson in regard to the bail of some of the Bull Hill men was rejected by the court. Campbell announced that he would put the bond of all the men against whom there was only one charge of malicious mischief at \$1,000. This was done and names of the men affected are as follows: O'Reilly, McLain, Harkness, E. W. Reilly and Shea.

In the assault case of McNamara the bond was fixed at \$1,250. In the cases against McCullough and Otto Zolar the bond was fixed at \$1,250.

Quite a number of cases had been set beginning Nov. 16, and these were re-set.

The Salter case will be continued this morning.

Bad Men are Leaving.

Sheriff Bowers made a trip to Cripple Creek Monday night and stayed over all night to do it and now he is hot about it.

He got a message to the effect that

there were two crazy men at camp and to come and take charge of them. Upon arrival he learned that one of them was simply working off an opium jag and the other was a man who was in the delirium of a fever. The sheriff stated that

there is not a quieter and more lovely part of the country than Cripple Creek just now.

The bad men are falling over themselves to get out of camp and some of the badsmen are getting away.

Some of them have intimated to him that they would like him to hunt up the men for whom they signed for but he is not in the business. If they are frightened about their leaving and want to surrender them they can bring them in.

Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to

the complexion and cures Constipation.

Dr. Lee and Dr. 100. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

The Rocky Mountain News is always pleasant and courteous in referring to Colorado Springs, and in its account of the big parade yesterday contained the following remark passed by some irresponsible being on the streets:

"The El Paso county clubs were not very large, but they made a whole lot of noise. The majority given the J. P. P. H. ticket was inscribed on many banners.

A bystander remarked that there had been a serious omission. Each man should, he remarked, have carried a tar bucket and a bag of feathers in illustration of the traditional account of State of

of aristocratic Colorado Springs."

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that these people know a good thing when they try it.

Mrs. B. P. Anderson and children arrived at home from Ft. Worth yesterday and the doctor was quite delighted to see them. They had been ill for some time, due to the burning of Ye Arlington Inn.

The fire occurred at 3 a. m. and the 70 guests had to flee without their clothing.

Many had very narrow escapes. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a drunken engineer.

Judge Fields has purchased of Peter Winnie the vacant lot near the Rio Grande depot around which is a high board fence that bears a Santa Fe sign. The price is not given only that Mr. Winnie made a profit of \$2,500 in six years.

County-clerk Howbert is making the official canvass of the votes taken at the election. He is being assisted by two justices of the peace of opposite political parties.

C. T. McClelland of Falcon and J. C. Zimmerman of Peyton.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Yellow Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Price 75c. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the 45th year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

Train Robbers Seize Head.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 12.—The charge of conspiracy to rob a Rock and Train, which the Fritzel and Fred Jones pleaded guilty to in Monday, was held by the court to be misdemeanor and the prisoners were committed to jail for 30 days. After receiving their sentences the men admitted their connection with a gang which had been organized for train robbery and that plans had been laid out to rob one train just before they were caught. The leader of the gang, Newberger, is still at large.

Church Congress of America.

Boston, Nov. 13.—The sixteenth annual session of the great church congress of America was formally opened in Trinity Episcopal church this morning. It was a most impressive gathering, composed of bishops, priests and laymen, attentive churchmen and women from all parts of the country, representing every class and every creed.

Mr. Thomas Keene in "Richelieu."

"Richelieu," Bulwer's masterpiece, in five acts, is the play selected for the engagement of the eminent tragedian, Mr. Thomas Keene, at the opera house next Monday evening. "Richelieu" is one of the strongest plays in Mr. Keene's extensive repertoire and his large company is headed by such well-known people as Edwin Arden, Mr. Kennicott and Miss Lawrence, a charming actress who will take the part of Julie de Mortemart. An exchange in speaking of their performance says: "Mr. Keene's performance was so perfect from first to last, that it would be a work of supererogation to particularize; but the scene with De Mauprat when that mischievous and distraught cavalier invades the Cardinals' palace to assassinate him, and that in which Richelieu threatens the conspirators with the awful curse of Rome, are scenes which made an impression upon his audience that time will long, if ever succeeds, in effacing."

Mr. Fred C. Pepper, artist, remained on the Gazette, and Miss Leon Mitchell of this city were married Sunday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 233 East Rio Grande street. Justus Walker officiated.

Mr. D. Weyand and family left last night for San Diego, Cal. Mrs. Weyand and children will spend the winter there.

Dr. O. W. Spencer, county physician, spending a few weeks with friends in Illinois.

A divorce was granted yesterday in the County court to Rosina Morris from Anna Singe, the grounds being cessation

THE 1-MO. COLLECTOR.

A Notable Gift of Palmsaga Now in New York City.

While you are waiting for the big exhibition of portraits of women to open in the Academy of Design next Saturday, take an hour to visit the rooms of the Fine Arts society, on Fifty-seventh street.

The effort is worth making, if only for the sake of a single portrait which has just been hung there. It is an oil portrait, but of the kind which is perennially young—the portrait of a man who, although dead for centuries, seems rather more alive and a great deal more individual than most of the men whom you may meet in the street. It is attributed to James E. H. and seems appropriate to describe his name. It needs no name to accentuate its excellence. It shows the head and bust of a rather young man, dressed in black, with a great black hat pushed back from his brow and almost filling the upper part of the canvas. The bust is shown almost in profile, while the head is turned nearly in full face, and the eyes meet ours. The color is soberly rich.

The pose is an spirited, the characterization as keen and emphatic as one must expect whenever E. H. is mentioned. And through the treatment is a certain rugged, manly, kind with very bold, broad brush-strokes, which some people may think equally inexpressive from his name, if we know it as well, we know that he did not always paint in this fashion. He arrived at it gradually during the course of a very long life, and many of the most famous of his earlier pictures are painted as quietly and squarely as this one, and even without as much breadth and ease.

Certainly no one can think with respect to any other method, not the sureness and strength of his execution, with which this face is drawn. And more to the quick skill with which the scanty upturned mustache is indicated, the liquid vivacity of the brown eyes. The truth to texture in the flesh and hair and the intense vitality, the compelling charm-spiritual as well as physical—of the general result. Altogether it is a masterly thing in intellectual conception and in workmanship. And therefore it is a good thing to see before you try your eyes upon the multifarious methods of portrait-painting which the Academy offers. It will reveal in bewildering variety. Of course many of those methods will be very good, and yet will not in the least resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman. But you may feel sure that if you find anything which in treatment does not resemble him it will be very good indeed.

This canvas is distinctly the pearl among the seventy that now fill the large first rooms in the Fine Arts build up and form the main part of the collection of the Dutch and Flemish pictures which gathered in Europe by Mr. James E. H. in the art galleries of Yale college. All New Yorkers who are interested heartily have of this collection, but it is now shown for the first time, to those who have not sought it out in New Haven.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

But you may feel sure that if you find

anything which in treatment does not resemble him it will be very good indeed.

This is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is all the greater, because Mr. Ehrlich has not fallen into the error which usually betrays the collector of old masters. He does not seek out all old masters except those which are most resemble the one which rendered this beautiful black-haired gentleman.

It is well worth showing here; it would be worth showing anywhere in Europe. And its interest is